certain as to whether it had been successful, and while a terrific fire raged along a line of three leagues, the Emperor announced that the battle was won.

The enemy, seeing that their right was turned, beat a retreat, and soon that retreat turned to flight. At seven in the evening the Prince of the Moskowa and General Lauriston reached Wurschen. The Emperor slept by the roadside, surrounded by his Guard.

At seven o'clock the Grand Marshal, Duke of Friuli, was standing on a hillside in conversation with the Duke of Treviso and General Kirgener; they were all three on foot and at some distance from the firing line. One of the last cannon-shots fired by the enemy grazed the Duke of Treviso, tore open the lower part of the body of the Grand Marshal, and killed General Kirgener outright. The Duke of Friuli realized at once that his wound was mortal; he died twelve hours later.

As soon as our outposts were placed, and the army had bivouacked, the Emperor went to see the Duke of Friuli. He found him fully conscious and calm. The Duke grasped the Emperor's hand and kissed it. The Emperor, putting his right arm around the Grand Marshal, remained a quarter of an hour with his head resting on his left hand and in complete silence. The Grand Marshal was the first to break it: — Ah, sire, leave me; such a sight as this must pain you! — The Emperor, leaning on the Duke of Dalmatia and on the Grand Equerry, left the Duke of Friuli, unable to say more than these words: — Good-bye, my friend J — His Majesty returned to his tent, and admitted no one that night.

25th. (To Maret.) As the Swedes have reached **Ham-**